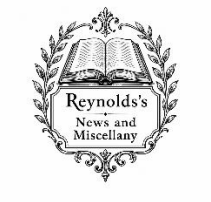
IVANHOE: A HISTORICAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS (1869): A Modern Edition

BY FREDERICK FOX COOPER

Edited by Stephen Basdeo



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INTRODUCTION

Frederick Fox Cooper's *Ivanhoe: A Historical Drama in Three Acts* (1869) compresses Walter Scott's extensive historical romance into strongly visual episodes: Rotherwood, the tournament at Ashby, the imprisonment and siege at Torquilstone, Rebecca's trial, and the revelation of Richard I. Scott's novel, published in December 1819, had departed from his earlier fiction by turning from the comparatively recent Scottish past to medieval England. Its invented conflict between Saxons and Normans supplied an image of a divided nation, while the alliance of king, knight, and outlaw offered a model of national reconciliation. Cooper retains that political architecture but reshapes it for Astley's Theatre. Antiquarian framing and narrative digression give way to horses, combat, fire, processions, comic songs, and tableaux.

The stage was intrinsic to *Ivanhoe*'s afterlife from the beginning: London briefly supported four different theatrical versions at once, while inexpensive chapbooks carried condensed forms of the story to readers unable to afford the three-volume novel. Cooper's 1869 drama therefore belongs to a long process by which Scott's medieval England became popular visual culture.

The play opens in a stormy Yorkshire forest, where Wamba and Gurth complain of Norman domination. Their exchange establishes the social division governing Scott's romance: the Saxons remain conscious of conquest, while Norman masters claim their goods, labour, and obedience. Sir Brian de Bois-

Guilbert and Prior Aymer arrive seeking Cedric's house, and Wamba deliberately misdirects them. The disguised Ivanhoe, sleeping near a ruined cross, awakens and offers to guide them. Cooper therefore introduces the hero almost immediately, whereas the novel sustains uncertainty. The stage requires a visible protagonist, but Ivanhoe's disguise still embodies his exclusion: he has returned from crusade disinherited by Cedric and separated from Rowena.

At Rotherwood, Cedric laments Norman rule and his son's banishment, while Wamba's courtship of Elgiva provides an extended comic interlude. Wamba represents the liberty of licensed folly: the enslaved Saxon fool can utter political truths silenced in others. The banquet then brings the divided society together under the uneasy protection of hospitality. Bois-Guilbert stares offensively at Rowena; Isaac of York is admitted amid contempt; and the disguised Ivanhoe gives the old man his seat. When Bois-Guilbert boasts of the Templars, the pilgrim recalls the English knights who defeated them in Palestine and promises that Ivanhoe will answer his challenge. Rowena publicly pledges her faith in the absent knight, and even Cedric's pride yields momentarily to paternal feeling.

Isaac and Rebecca add a deeper exclusion to the Saxon–Norman conflict. Scott's England may be divided between conquerors and conquered, but Jews stand outside both communities and suffer from Christians of every rank. Cooper preserves the Christians' casual antisemitism while making Ivanhoe's protection of Isaac an early test of true chivalry. Warned that Bois-Guilbert intends to seize him, Isaac escapes

with the pilgrim and supplies him with a horse and armour. Their bargain enables the tournament while showing reciprocal obligation across religious boundaries: Ivanhoe saves Isaac, and Isaac equips Ivanhoe. Scott's argument that social groups must recognise mutual dependence is thus translated into immediate action.

The road to Ashby introduces Locksley, Friar Tuck, Midge, and the outlaws. They mock Prince John, clergy, and nobles as greater thieves than themselves, then join the procession to the tournament. In Scott's design, Robin of Locksley helps create a shared English history: outlawed because political society has denied him his rights, he becomes a national defender rather than a mere robber. Cooper intensifies this interpretation. Robin openly champions "the rights of Englishmen," commands a disciplined popular force, and rescues nobles unable to save themselves. The drama preserves the novel's symbolic alliance between monarchy, gentility, and common people, but gives the outlaw a more patriotic stage presence.

At Ashby, Bois-Guilbert and his companions dominate the lists until Ivanhoe appears as the Disinherited Knight and challenges all five. He defeats them, selects Rowena as Queen of Beauty, and is then surrounded in the general combat. The Black Knight intervenes, clears his attackers, and disappears. Exhausted and wounded, Ivanhoe collapses before Rowena; his helmet is removed, and Cedric cries out for his son as the act ends in a tableau. Public prowess restores the identity that private banishment has denied, while the Black Knight's assistance foreshadows the union of Ivanhoe's cause with Richard's. Yet

reconciliation remains incomplete: Ivanhoe is acclaimed by the crowd before he is restored to household or country.

Act II shifts from chivalric display to captivity and popular resistance. The Black Knight forces hospitality from Friar Tuck, whose cell contains wine, weapons, and venison. Their comic encounter places Richard in fellowship with the greenwood community before his identity is known. Gurth and Wamba report that Cedric, Rowena, Isaac, and Rebecca have been captured. Locksley organises a rescue, declaring Cedric a defender of English liberties. Cooper removes several secondary plotters and concentrates their villainy in Bois-Guilbert, who becomes military tyrant, torturer, sexual aggressor, and agent of Prince John. This makes the action clearer, though it sacrifices the differentiated motives of Front-de-Boeuf, de Bracy, and the Templar in the novel.

Inside Torquilstone, Bois-Guilbert threatens to roast Isaac on heated bars unless he pays a thousand pounds of silver. Isaac initially submits, but when told that Rebecca will remain captive, paternal love overcomes terror and avarice. He refuses payment even under torture. The scene reverses the stereotype of the grasping Jew: Isaac's wealth matters less than his daughter, while the Christian knight turns religion, war, and aristocratic power into instruments of extortion. Elsewhere, Wamba exchanges clothes with Cedric so that his master may escape disguised as a friar. Scott's ideal of reciprocal feudal loyalty becomes theatrical self-sacrifice: the servant is prepared to die for his lord, while Cedric promises either to save him or return and share his fate.

Wamba then defeats two guards with a straw dummy and comic violence.

Rebecca's imprisonment supplies the emotional centre of the act. Ulrica tells her how Torquilstone was seized and how she became captive to its Norman conquerors, linking Rebecca's threatened violation to the older violence of conquest. Bois-Guilbert offers Rebecca safety, rank, and marriage if she will renounce her faith. She rejects him and climbs onto the battlement, threatening death rather than submission. Her resistance exposes a chivalric order that claims to protect women while treating a captive woman as property. Cooper preserves Rebecca's moral superiority while externalising the crisis through the spectacular image of the heroine poised above the abyss.

As the outlaws and Black Knight assault Torquilstone, Rebecca describes the fighting from the tower. Robin breaks in, wounds Bois-Guilbert, and carries her away, while Ulrica reveals that she has fired the castle in vengeance. The act closes with flames, combat, collapsing masonry, Ulrica on the battlements, and Bois-Guilbert escaping on horseback with Rebecca. The sequence values accumulated sensation over strict continuity. Scott's medieval pageantry becomes literal theatrical machinery, but the politics remain legible: castle power is defeated by an alliance of Saxon dependants, outlaws, and the disguised king.

Act III reunites the political and personal plots. Prince John learns that Richard has returned, and Bois-Guilbert volunteers to murder him. In the forest, the Templar ambushes the Black Knight, but Wamba sounds the horn and summons the yeomen. Locksley reveals himself as Robin Hood and announces that

Rebecca has been condemned for witchcraft at Templestowe. The rescue of the king and the rescue of the Jewish captive become parts of the same struggle against illegitimate authority.

At the preceptory, the Grand Master condemns Rebecca because her presence has supposedly corrupted Bois-Guilbert. She denies the charge, claims trial by combat, and casts down her glove. Bois-Guilbert is appointed champion of the Temple, yet privately offers to flee with her; Rebecca again refuses salvation purchased by surrender to her persecutor. As the pyre is lit and Isaac mourns the absence of any Christian defender, Ivanhoe arrives with Robin Hood and accepts the combat. In Scott's novel, Bois-Guilbert falls almost untouched, destroyed by his own contending passions; Cooper instead allows Ivanhoe to defeat and disarm him decisively. When the Templars break faith and attack, the outlaws intervene, the Black Knight reveals himself as Richard, and royal judgement confirms Rebecca's freedom. The curtain falls not on Ivanhoe's marriage to Rowena or Rebecca's poignant departure from England, but on a national tableau: Richard's standard is unfurled, the Templars submit, and Isaac and Rebecca embrace beneath the protection of king, knight, and outlaw. Cooper simplifies Scott's more ambivalent ending. The play offers no lasting examination of Rebecca's exclusion from Christian England; instead, her rescue proves that a properly ordered nation can administer justice across class and faith. What survives most powerfully is the conviction that legitimate authority depends upon fellowship. Richard requires Robin's yeomen, Ivanhoe requires Isaac's aid, Cedric requires Wamba's sacrifice, and Rebecca requires a champion willing to

oppose institutional cruelty. Cooper turns Scott's historical romance into popular melodrama, but its comedy, fire, and combat do not erase the novel's political meaning. They render it visible. It also confirms Robin's prominence in the novel's afterlife: popular justice becomes indispensable to national legitimacy.

Stephen Basdeo
Leeds, United Kingdom, July 2026

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IVANHOE: A HISTORICAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

DRAMATISED FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NOVEL
BY [FREDERICK] FOX COOPER

First produced at Astley's Theatre,[1] Easter Monday, 1869

[Figure 1 Illustration included in the reissue of the play by John Dicks]

[1] [Astley's Theatre was demolished in 1896.]

[LIBRARY HOLDINGS]

The following libraries and archives hold copies of the John Dicks Edition of Fox Cooper's *Ivanhoe*:

Fox Cooper, *Ivanhoe: A Historical Drama in Three Acts. Dramatised from Sir Walter Scott's Novel, by Fox Cooper* (London: John Dicks, c.1880).

——, Cambridge, Cambridge University Library, 1910.7.2182

——, Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Library, HOLLIS ID: 990026636880203941

——, Colombia University Library, Butler 401

——, Dublin, Trinity College, 149.u.176 no.385

——, New York, SUNY at Buffalo, Annex Non-Circulating Collection; MicPrint PR1271 .R4 Box 10

——, New York, Stonybrook University Library, Barcode: 96743

——, New York, Syracuse University, Bird Library, PN6111 .E53 PT.B

——, Penn State University Library, Main Catalogue.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SAXONS.

Ivanhoe	Miss Agnes Cameron[2]
Cedric (Ivanhoe's father)	Mr. Young
Wamba (the fool)	Mr. G. Yarnold
Gurth (the bondsman)	Mr. H. J. Broughton
Ulrica	Mrs. Mackay
Lady Rowena	Miss Helen Paget
Elgiva	Miss Emily Scott

NORMANS, &c.

Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert (The Knight Templar)	Mr. Brandon Ellis
John, Prince of England	Mr. Walter Carle[3]

[2] [Mary Agnes Cameron (1839-1909), actress and also the wife of Robin Hood novelist Joachim Hayward Stocqueler.]
[3] [fl. 1844–69.]

Grand Master of the Templars	Mr. J. Danaville
The Black Sluggard Knight [Richard the Lionheart]	Mr. H. Norton
Prior Aymer	Mr. C. Butler
Hamet and Abdullah (Two Saracens)	Messrs. Gardner and Reeves
Sir Philip de Malvoisin	Mr. St. Maur
Sir Hugh Grandesmeil	Mr. Ramsey
Ralph de Vipont	Mr. Marshall
Isaac (The Jew of York)	Mr. Charles Verner[4]
Rebecca (The Jewess)	Miss Page

OUTLAWS, &c.

Robin Hood (Known as Locksley)	Mr. Brownlow Hill
Midge (The Miller)	Mr. Elton

[4] [Charles E.V. Finlay 1848-1926.]

Friar Tuck (The Chaplain)	Mr. John Royston
Allen-a-Dale	Mr. Mordon
Little John	Mr. Craddock

COSTUME

JOHN (Prince of England).—Ancient English robes, with three golden lions on the breast of the vest—coronet—sword—and gold truncheon.

PILGRIM (Ivanhoe).—First dress: A pilgrim's long grey gown—slouch hat, with a cockle-shell in front—pilgrim's staff.—Second dress: Brilliant steel armour, with helmet, &c., complete—scarlet surcoat, trimmed with gold—(arms on the breast, "Bolt and Shackle"—the shield as described in the romance, bearing an oak tree torn up by the roots, and the word "Desdichado" under it)—plume—sword, &c.

PRIOR AYMER.—Grave-coloured monastic dress.

UNKNOWN KNIGHT.—Black and gold armour, mace and shield—close helmet and black plume.

CEDRIC.—Green full-skirted tunic, with open sleeves, trimmed with fur—scarlet vest, with short sleeves—buff belt, studded—flesh arms and legs—red cloak, trimmed with fur—brown sandals—round flat bonnet, trimmed with fur.

SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT.—First dress: White scaled armour suit, scarlet full-skirted tunic, with short sleeves, trimmed with black velvet—the Templar's cloak over it.—Second dress: Steel breast-plate and leggings—white cap and robe, with red cross—sword, &c.—forming the costume of a Knight Templar.

SIR PHILIP DE MALVOISIN.—Similar to Sir Brian.

ROBIN HOOD (and Outlaws).—Green foresters' tunics—russet boots—green caps, &c., with bow, sword, quiver.

FRIAR TUCK.—Grey friar's gown, over a forester's dress—bald head—cowl—naked legs, with sandals—staff, &c.

ISAAC.—Jewish long purple habit—brown short cloak over all—hat, and shoes.

WAMBA.—Blue cotton tunic—grotesquely-figured yellow jacket—one blue and one yellow stocking—shoes ditto—cap, party-coloured—collar of servitude.

GURTH.—Rude dress of goat's skin—belt—iron collar—goat's skin cap—dagger, and staff.

LADY ROWENA.—White satin and gold petticoat—body and short petticoat of scarlet satin over the white—rich blue silk or satin robe.

ULRICA.—Dark-coloured Saxon peasant's dress, trimmed with red.

ELGIVA.—A dress somewhat like Rowena's, but of inferior materials, and with a shorter robe.

REBECCA.—First dress: Scarlet and gold under petticoat, with a gauze petticoat, trimmed with gold, over it—white trowsers [sic]—scarlet and gold turban—long white veil—drapery, trimmed with amber and black—white silk stockings, flesh

colour and red shoes.—Second dress: A penitent's white muslin robe and hood.

STAGE DIRECTIONS

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means Right; L. Left; D. F. Door in Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; S. E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; M. D. Middle Door; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. S. E. Left Second Entrance; P. S. Prompt Side; O. P. Opposite Prompt.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre.

R	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.[5]

[5] *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A romantic forest in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Fragments belonging to the ruins of a Druidical Temple lie scattered about. Evening.

WAMBA discovered sheltering beneath one of the stony masses. R. 2 E. IVANHOE discovered asleep on stone at the foot of a sunken cross. Thunder, Lightning, and Rain. Music.—Stage half dark.

Wamba. Well, dear old Lion's lost on his way from Palestine, and what the better or worse am I for that? Reign who will, my royalty is in my motley coat, and my undisputed style and title is Wamba, the son of Witless, chief fool to the potent Baron Cedric, of Rotherwood, who glories in his Saxon origin, and hates the now-come Norman race. Why here comes my fellow-servant, Gurth, the swine keeper—he thinks fortune's no fool, and I am grateful I don't keep pigs—which of us is the wisest in this, time will indicate. *(Music.)*

Enter GURTH, L. U. E.

Gurth. *(Whistling off, and calling to his dog.)* Here, Fangs, Fangs! Whew! The curse of St. Withold upon the infernal porkers! If the two-legged wolf snap not up some of them before

nightfall, I'm no true man! Wamba, up and help me, if thou'rt a friend!

Wamba. *(Without rising.)* Truly, I have consulted my legs upon this matter, and they are altogether of opinion that, to carry my gay garments through these sloughs, would be an act of unfriendship to my sovereign person and royal wardrobe—wherefore, Gurth, I advise thee to call off Fangs, and leave the herd to their destiny.

Gurth. That is, leave them to these cursed Normans. The fiercest and the fattest is for their board, the loveliest is for their couch, while we air breathe is all that's left to the unfortunate Saxons.

Wamba. *(Rising and advancing.)* Gurth, I know thou think'st me a fool, or thou would'st not so rash in putting thy head into my mouth. One word that thou hast spoken treason against the Norman, and thou wouldst waver on one of these trees—as a terror to all evil speakers against dignities.

Gurth. Dog! thou wouldst not betray me?

Wamba. Betray thee! No! That were the trick of a wise man—a fool cannot half so well help himself. *(Music.)* Ha! hear you a distant tramp of horse? Who may it be? *(Crossing and looking off, L. U. E.)*

Gurth. Never mind who. See how well Fangs has done his duty; he has the herd before him now—and drives them on bravely. Let's follow. *(Music for Herd to cross stage.)*

Wamba. Nay, I am as obstinate as a pig. I must see the strangers.

Gurth. *(Looking off.)* Normans and monks, by St. Dunstan!—my abomination both. *(Music.)*

Enter from the back of the stage door, R. U. E., SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT, and PRIOR AYMER, in their habits of Knight Templar, attended by HAMET and ABDULAH, two Blacks—they carry the Templar's lance and bannerole hanging from its point, and a triangular shield. The other the Prior's cross. They are all mounted.

Aymer. So ho, the children!—Benedicite! tell us, if you can, the road to Cedric the Saxon's. Are we near his dwelling?

Gurth. Normans! and seeking my master? Shall I show the dog where the deer lies? Not I, by my fealty. *(Aside.)*

Wamba. *(Aloud.)* The road will be uneasy to find, and the family of Cedric retire early to rest.

Bois G. Tush! tell me not, fellow, about retiring to rest; 'tis easy for me to rise and supply the wants of travellers such as we are,

who will not stoop to beg the hospitality we have a right to command.

Aymer. Brother Brian, you must not think you are now in Palestine, predominating over heathen Turks and infidel Saracens. Take this piece of silver, good fellow, and tell us the way to Cedric's mansion.

Wamba. Well then, your reverences must hold on that path past yonder sunken cross, then take the path to the left—and I trust your reverences will obtain shelter before the storm comes on. *(Taking coin.)*

Gurth. *(Aside to Wamba.)* Why, Wamba, if they follow this direction they will hardly reach Rotherwood to-night.

Wamba. No, but they may reach Sheffield, if they have good luck, and that is as fit a place for them. Good even, reverend fathers.

Exit GURTH and WAMBA. R. 2 E.

Aymer. Good even, and thanks.

Bois G. What meant these fellows by their capricious insolence?

Aymer. Marry, brother Brian, touching one of them it were hard for me to render a reason, for a fool speaks according to his

folly, and the other churl is of the conquered Saxons, whose supreme pleasure it is to testify, by all means in their power, their aversion to their conquerors.

Bois G. I'd soon beat him into courtesy.

Aymer. Of Rowena's beauty you shall soon be judge, and if her blue eyes do not chase from your memory the black-tressed girls of Palestine, I am an infidel, and no true son of the Cross.

Bois G. Well, should your boasted beauty be weighed in the balance and found wanting—you know the wager?

Aymer. Yes, my gold collar against ten butts of Chinon wine.

Bois G. Prior, your collar is in danger. I will wear it over my gorget in the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

Aymer. But beware offending Cedric; it is said he banished his only son Ivanhoe from his family for merely lifting his eyes in the way of affection towards this beauty.

Bois G. You have said enough. I will for the night put on a needful restraint, and deport me as meekly as a maiden.

Aymer. Wisely resolved. The night wears apace. Which way did the clowns bid us take? He bid us turn to the left.

Bois G. To the right, to the best of my remembrance.

Aymer. To the left—certainly, the left.

(Trundle during the above dialogue gradually rises and advances, L. C.—Chorus.)

Ivan. *(Aloud.)* Hold, strangers! You seem in doubt—which would you wend?

Aymer. Say, who is this! But no matter, if he directs. To Cedric the Saxon's, of Rotherwood, stranger.

Ivan. *(Crossing, R.)* I am myself bound thither, and will be your guide. The way is somewhat intricate, but perfectly well known to me.

Aymer. Thou shalt have both thanks and reward, my friend, if thou wilt bring us to Cedric's in safety. Who and what art thou?

Ivan. A palmer, just returned from the Holy Land.

Aymer. Thou art inured to travelling, then. Onward!

[Music.—Exeunt Omnes, R. 2 E.]

SCENE II.

A Saxon Apartment in Rotherwood.
Enter CEDRIC, followed by ELGIVA and attendants, L. 1 E.

Cedric. What, is the banquet toward yet?

Elgiva. It is preparing, chief.

Cedric. Why tarries the Lady Rowena, then?
Elgiva. She is but changing her head-gear. You would not have her sit down in her hood and kirtle; besides, 'tis scarce an hour since the curfew tolled.

Cedric. Plague on the curfew! What keeps Gurth no longer afield? some Norman outrage on the herd, no doubt. Where's Wamba too? Has he not jest ready to amuse his master?—where's Wamba, I say?

Enter WAMBA, he gets behind the attendants, L. 1 E.

Elgiva. Gone forth to seek for Gurth.

Cedric. My poor, faithful fool—he's carried off, too—the Saxon fool to serve a Norman lord. Fools we are all, indeed, to serve them.

Wamba. *(Coming forward.)* So say I, master mine, and well may he who lives by folly cry out, when he sees so many fools, that his trade is like to be spoiled.

Cedric. How comes it that you have loitered abroad? Where have you been, I say, sirrah?

Wamba. Well, uncle Cedric, don't be in a passion. One would think that you were the fool instead of Wamba. I have been after the swine.

Cedric. And where was the use?

Wamba. True, as you say—'tis no use strewing pearls before swine. Thank you for the compliment.

Cedric. Worthless as you are, you know I have some value for your folly, and were I to lose you—

Wamba. You would have no excuse for your folly. *(Horn heard.)*

Cedric. *(To Wamba.)* To the gate, knave, and see what tidings.

Wamba. To the gate, you knave! Don't hear who's spoken to! Go, knave. *(To Attendant who exits.)* I guess 'tis some Norman travellers, who have found some better direction—post than Wamba.

Cedric. Travellers!

Wamba. Ay, a black friar, and a white Templar, they inquired their way to Rotherwood.

Cedric. And you directed them?

Wamba. Just the contrary—for as Rotherwood lies due south, and as the Prior's face was turned due north, I directed him to follow his nose, which might well serve him as a torch on his journey between here and Sheffield.

Attendant. *(Re-entering, L.)* The Prior Aymer with Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, and a small retinue, on their way to the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, request hospitality and lodging for the night.

Cedric. Normans both; but the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached. Go! introduce the strangers to the banquet-hall. See their train lacks nothing.

Attendant. I obey, my lord. *(Exit, L.)*

Cedric. Elgiva, let the Lady Rowena know we shall not this night expect her in the hall, unless such be her special pleasure.

Elgiva. Then it will be her special pleasure, I can tell you, chief, for she is ever desirous to hear the latest news from Palestine.

Cedric. Silence, maiden; thy tongue outruns thy discretion. 'Tis my son still lingers in her heart. Ah, Wilfred—Wilfred of Ivanhoe! couldst thou have ruled thy unreasonable passion, thy father had not disinherited thee.

[Exit R. 1 E. followed by the attendants.]

Wamba. The sweet rest of evening wait upon Mistress Elgiva—hem.

Elgiva. How prettily spoken. Ah, Master Wamba, you are a clever man.

Wamba. Right, ma'am; nature intended me for a sharp fellow, but man ordained that I should play buffoon—ergo, it taketh a wise being to make a fool,—but to the point—what dost think I've been doing?

Elgiva. I really can't imagine.

Wamba. Why, I've been trying on the breeches in which my father was married.

Elgiva. Didn't you find them too big for you.

Wamba. That's no matter, so long as I don't allow my wife to wear 'em.

Elgiva. Wife! *(Weeps.)* Oh, oh, you don't mean to say you are going to marry.

Wamba. Weep not, fair Elgiva; you will find my choice meet with your approbation.

Elgiva. *(drying her eyes.)* Come, that's satisfactory—at all events.

Wamba. Bless me!—you have left a tear on the lady's pardon—for my humility will go no lower—top of your nose as large as a green gooseberry—that's a sour smile—let's remove it. *(Kisses Elgiva.)*

Elgiva. There's a little bit left.

Wamba. Lor—so there is. *(Kisses Elgiva again.)* Now, hold up thy head and thou shalt have the benefit of my father's advice to me on matters matrimonial—imprimis, saith my parent—should your wife say yes—say no—and it will prove—

Elgiva. What—

Wamba. That thou art of an opposite opinion. In secundo—never kick thy wife out of bed, unless she be hotter, and thou requires the bed thyself to warm.

Elgiva. Well.

Wamba. In tertio, never beat thy wife unless she deserves it, and on the wedding morning show thy exquisite taste by putting a sunflower in thy button hole, a tulip in thy hat, and as thou art going to be married, eschew onions.

Elgiva. But what have I to do with these things—pray!

Wamba. You'll not say so when we come to marry, for then I must ask with thou take—

Elgiva. A fool—oh, no, for then I should be one myself, and two fools together would be unprofitable partnership.

Wamba. Not so freely, Elgiva, for as two negatives make an affirmative, so may the laying of a pair of silly heads together do much towards increasing this world's wisdom. Thou com'st from Ireland with some of Strongbow's descendants, and thou hadst better wed comfortably here than go back for a husband.

Elgiva. Ah, now, Wamba, you are only at your trade of jester.

Wamba. No, upon my soul, I'm in earnest, I'm not in jest now.

Elgiva. What, and would you marry me?

Wamba. No! There'd be an end of my trade at once, for no man can jest after he's married—that's beyond a joke, no—no, Elgiva, I won't marry you, but I'll love you like—

Elgiva. What?

Wamba. A gooseberry fool!

DUET INTRODUCED

[Exeunt, R.]

SCENE III.

A Gothic Hall lighted up. Emblems of War and the Chase are seen hanging round—large folding oak doors at back, C. with stairs to descend.—The Banquet Table is raised on platform R.—CEDRIC seated on an elevated chair. LADY ROWENA seated next to Cedric—she is attended by ELGIVA and Damsels.—The PRIOR and SIR BRIAN on each side of Cedric—officers at lower table near them. At a table R., by himself, the Pilgrim, whose face is concealed.—Music.

Cedric. *(Rising.)* Fill to the bright beauties of Britain.

(All rise; cup bearers fill the cups.)

Sir Brian. The Lady Rowena. *(All drink.) (Apart.)* How beautiful!

(Steadfastly observing Rowena, who seems offended, and closes her veil.)

Cedric. Sir Templar, the cheeks of Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to bear the fixed glance of a crusader.

Bois G. I crave your pardon—that is, I crave the lady's pardon—for my humility will go no lower.

Row. To her I will make any amends. Now, I will tax your courtesy no farther, Sir Knight, than by inquiring the latest news you bring from Palestine.

Bois G. There is a truce with Saladin, which will bring back more of our warriors, lady.

Row. Indeed! delightful tidings! Heaven send them safely home!

(Lightning, rain, and distant thunder.)

Attendant. *(Re-entering at back, C.)* Another guest, my lord.

Cedric. Admit him, be he who he may. *(Exit Attendant.)*

Attendant. A night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and seek the protection of man—then mortal foes, rather than perish by the elements—*(Enter Attendant.)* Now, sirrah, why return you without your guest?

Attendant. It is a Jew—who calls himself Isaac of York. Is it fit he should come in here?

Aymer. A Jew!—an unbelieving Jew—admitted to this presence!

Bois G. A dog!—a Jew—to approach a Knight Templar—a defender of the holy sepulchre.

Wamba. By my faith—some Templars seem to love the Jew's money better than their company.

Cedric. My worthy guests, my hospitality must be bounded by your dislikes. If heaven bore with the whole nation more years than we can number, surely poor mortals may—but I constrain no man to sit with him.—Let him feed apart, or else with thee—Wamba—the fool and the knave will be well met.

Wamba. Then shall a gammon of bacon to the fool's protection.

(Music.—Wamba removes a dish containing a gammon of bacon from off the banquet tables and places it by his side.—ISAAC appears at C. doors.)

Isaac. Which may be the worthy master of the mansion, that I may pay him a poor man's thanks for his hospitality.

Cedric. No thanks are needful, stranger.—Take food and shelter, and when a Christian demands the same of thee, refuse him not.

Isaac. I shall remember.

(Music.—He advances and bows with great humility—they all turn from him.)

Ivanhoe. *(R.)* Old man (to Isaac,) my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased—thou art both wet and fasting—take thou my seat and meal.

Isaac. The Hebrew's blessing on thee, reverend palmer. *(Sits R.)*

Bois G. Thou unbelieving dog, dost thou bend thy purse to the tournament.

Isaac. I do so purpose, if it please your reverend valour.

Bois G. Ay, to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury—to gull women and children with gauds and toys—I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip.

Isaac. Not a shekel, not a silver penny, not a halfpenny. Father Jacob be my speed. I am an impoverished wretch. The very gaberdine I wear is borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster.

Bois G. *(Half aside.)* Beshrew thee, for a false-hearted liar. *(Aside.)* If my eyes deceive me not, this is the rich Jew who, by this time, should have been my prisoner in my castle.

Cedric. Cup-bearer, fill the goblets, there. Pledge the Templar, and thou, too, Abbot, to the strong in arms, who now bear them best in Palestine, among the champions of the Cross.

Bois G. Ay, to the Templars—though, as a brother of the order, I should be slow in naming them.

Aym. Nay, to the Knights' Hospitallers—my brother bears their badge.

Row. Are there none in the English army whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the Knights of the Temple and St. John?

Bois G. King Richard's chiefs were second only to those warriors.

Pilgrim. *(Rising and crossing to R.)* Second to none!—(They all look towards him.) Ay, I repeat it second to none! And at the tournament the lances of seven of the Templars failed before King Richard and five knights, Sir Brian knows, and for myself, I saw it.

Cedric. *(Sir Brian puts his hand to his sword.)* Pilgrim, could'st thou tell the names of those who so upheld old merry England's name.

Pil. The first in arms, renown, and place was Richard, whose knights were Leicester—Milton of Gisland, D'Oyley—and Turneham.

Cedric. All Saxons, by the soul of Hengist.—And the others?

Pil. A knight of less renown, and lower rank—whose name dwells not within my memory.

Bois G. Pilgrim—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe, or was there any—if so years had more renown—yet were he in England—and dare repeat his challenge in the approaching tournament at Ashby—I would give him every advantage of horse and weapon and abide the issue.

Pil. If ever he return, I'll be his surety that he shall meet you.

Bois G. *(With contempt.)* A goodly surety!

Row. *I*f no other voice is raised here in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe, and could my weak warrant add security to the word of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame that Ivanhoe shall give you knight the meeting he desires.

Cedric. Nay—this beseems me not, lady—yet, much as I have cause to be offended, would I—yes, I would gauge my honour for the honour of Ivanhoe. *(The company look surprised.)* Nay, since you will not tarry—good rest to all.

[Music.—They all pledge their last and drink. Sir Brian in pantomimic conversation with the two Blacks. R. Pilgrim observing him as the scene is closed in.]

SCENE IV.

A Vaulted Cell in the residence of Cedric—couch behind curtained recess, R.—Music.
Enter ELGIVA with a lighted lamp, followed by PILGRIM—L. 1 E.

Elgiva. *(Tapping the Pilgrim on the shoulder, and pointing to a door, R.)* Nay, look not so grave, holy pilgrim—I am commanded by my lady to request your attendance ere you retire for the night. She would ask tidings of young Ivanhoe.

Pil. *(Bowing humbly.)* Is she then anxious?

Elgiva. Who is not, good palmer?—He is so beloved here, for all he is disinherited by his father—and notwithstanding the Lady Rowena is commanded to marry another—that if you can say he is well, in my lady's bower, you'll get store of gold for your news—and if you after repeat it in the servants' buttery, they'll join to make you one more gratitudine, as tipsy as any holy pilgrim ever was in a Christian country. *(Looking off.)* All clear—then all is secure. You may venture in, my lady.

Enter ROWENA and female attendants R., Pil.

Row. Rise, pilgrim. The defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth, honour, and manhood. Where and in what condition left you him of whom you spoke?

Pil. I would I knew him better than I do, since you feel interest for him. He is on the eve of returning to England—where you, lady, better than I, must know his chance of happiness.

Row. Would he were already here, and able to bear arms in to-morrow's tournament. Should Athelstane win the prize there, Ivanhoe is like to hear evil tidings.

Pil. Lady, let us hope—he is arrived.

Row. Heaven speed him! For thy hopes and tidings accept this. *(Gives a ring.)* Nay, not alms, but as a gift of love.

Pil. *(Kissing the ring.)* Yes, as a gift of love, and Ivanhoe shall—

Row. Peace and good even, palmer.

[Exit, attended R.—Music.]

Pil. Good even. And is it thus that the son of an illustrious house revisits the domains of his fathers, after long and mournful service in foreign climes, against the enemies of his country and his creed. Disinherited—disguised—despoiled of love and land—unhappy Ivanhoe—thy youthful fancy pictured scenes far different from those. Yet are the times when Wilfred lived and moved his father's pride, his sovereign's favourite, and his people's hope! When, dearer far than all, he suned himself in fair Rowena's smiles, and felt his love returned—Gone—gone, for ever gone. And now Wilfred of Ivanhoe returns but to visit in disguise his father's halls, his heart's best love, and snatch an unknown glory from Ashby's coming tournament—but I must not neglect a sacred duty. Now then, to seek the Jew! Ha! sure here he comes, and does he wake, or is't some dream of conscience which thus disturbs him?

Music.—Enter ISAAC, R., wild and agitated, as just waking from a fearful dream.

Pil. *(Holding him.)* How now, man, speak.

Isaac. *(Wild.)* For the sake of the Father of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man; I am poor, I am penniless. Should your iron wrench my limbs asunder, I could not gratify you.

Pil. Fear nothing from me, Isaac. I was coming to see you as a friend, believe me.

Isaac. The God of Israel requite you! I dreamed, but Father Abraham be praised! 'twas but a dream!—And what *(in his usual tone)* may be your pleasure at so strange an hour with the poor Jew?

Pil. To say that if you go not hence instantly, and travel with some speed, your journey will be dangerous.

Isaac. Whom can it interest to endanger so poor a wretch?

Pil. I heard Sir Brian direct his slaves, in their own language, to watch your departure in the morning, to seize and carry you to a castle—where—

Isaac. Where it has become religion to torture Jews—The dream was not dreamed for nought—the vision cometh not in vain. I feel their irons already tear my sinews. I feel the rack pass over me, like the saws and harrows and axes of iron over the men of

Rabbah and the cities of the children of Ammon. *(Falls down in agony.)*

Pil. Stand up and hearken—I will conduct you hence by secret paths well known to me, and when once through the forest, you may purchase the protection of some chief or baron passing to the tournament.

Isaac. I purchase protection—For the love of heaven betray me not—for the sake of him who made Jew and Gentile, Israelite and Ishmaelite—do me no treason. I haven't means to buy protection of a Christian beggar, did he rate it at no higher than a single penny.

Pil. Wert thou loaded with all the wealth thy tribe could give thee, what interest have I to injure thee—In this dress I am vowed to poverty, nor do I change it for aught, save a horse or a coat of mail. If thou doubt'st me, remain and defend me.

Isaac. Oh, no—good youth, go with me and defend me. I will requite it,—poor as I am—I will requite it, but not with money. Money! So help me Father Abraham, I have none.

Pil. Peace, earthworm: I will strip thee of every maravedi thou hast in the world. Fill this tablet and order on Rorick, the third Jew, for a horse and armour. I know he has six belonging to thee.

Isaac. Ah, then I was not wrong when I thought mine eye espied a knight's chain and gold spurs peep from beneath thy palmer's cloak. But why should you embrace our cause.

Pil. Ask no questions.

Isaac. *(Giving tablets.)* There—there is the order. But be careful of the combat and the steed—and thou wilt restore them safely.

Pil. I will; but hie thee quickly, spare not thy purse, for thy daughter's safety. We must secure the means to leave this place. What, ho, Gurth! awake, man. *(Aside.)* Surely I may trust him.

Music.—Enter GURTH, from recess, R., WAMBA enters R., with lighted torch at same time.

Gurth. Whew—aw—a murrain on those disturbing rascals. What is thy purpose?

Pil. Gurth, come hither, unlock the postern gate and let forth the Jew and me.

Gurth. Indeed, soon said.—The Jew taken Norman leave in company with a pilgrim!—We suffer no guest to depart at these unreasonable hours.

Isaac. *(Apart.)* I feared it—I feared it.

Wamba. *(Laughing.)* Ha! ha! ha! I should as soon have dreamed of his stealing away with a gammon of bacon.

Pil. *(In a commanding voice.)* Nevertheless, you will not, I think, refuse me that favour.

(Seizing Gurth's arm, he whispers in his ear.)

Gurth. *(Starting, and looking anxiously in the Pilgrim's face.)* Ha!

(Wamba approaches, and Gurth thrusts him away.)

Pil. *(Putting his finger to his lip.)* Gurth, beware! Go now and fetch the key of the postern. Thou shalt know more anon, and, at the same time, bring forth a mule for the Jew, and, hearest thou, let me have another. They shall be returned by safe means.

Gurth. *(With alacrity.)* Willingly, most willingly shall it be done. *(Exit.)*

Wamba. *(Who has been staring with astonishment.)* I wis I knew what you palmers learn in the Holy Land.

Pil. To say our prayers, fool.

Wamba. That's more than every fool can.

Pil. To repent our sins.

Wamba. In order to commit fresh ones.

Pil. And to mortify ourselves with vigils and penance.

Wamba. Nay, something more potent than that, for when would vigils and penance persuade Gurth to lend you a mule? Why you might as well have told his favourite black boar of your vigils and penance, and you'd have gotten as civil an answer.

Pil. Go—to thou art but a Saxon fool.

Wamba. Thou say'st well. Had I been born a Norman, as I think thou art, I had been next door to a wise man.

Pil. I prithee, get thee gone, and see that Gurth does my bidding.

Wamba. And, if he does, there's witchcraft in thy cockleshell.

[Exit Wamba, R., Pilgrim and Isaac opposite sides.—Music.]

SCENE V.

The Road to Ashby.
Enter LOCKSLEY, FRIAR TUCK, MIDGE, the Miller, and OUTLAWS, L., meeting C.

Lock. Ah! Friar Tuck, and my jolly miller, the moon's going down, the sun peeping through a saffron curtain, and every road to Ashby is crowded with Normans, Saxons, nobles, gentle, simple, fat friars, lean cheats, rich lawyers, stout yeomen, pretty damsels, burly barons, and delicate ladies. There'll be fine booty in the forest when they return at nightfall.

Midge. You'll see the sport, captain!

Lock. And join in it. Those who will may go with me, in what disguise you list, but mind you are to act the parts of honest men. So keep your hands out of each others' pockets, for the credit of our profession.

Friar. And who are the great ones to be present, captain? Is Prince John at the head of the merry solemnity?

Lock. Even so. Prince John, brother to our absent King Richard, and Brian de Bois Guilbert, the Templar, and Aymer the Prior, and Sir Philip de Malvoisin, and—

Midge. And all as great rogues as ourselves.

Friar. How so, miller—expound.

Midge. Prince John wants to rob King Richard of his crown, the prior wants to lay violent hands on the Archbishop's crozier. Malvoisin would steal the chancellor's seals, and—

Lock. And like thyself, miller, all would bring grist to their own mill. See, the sun is up. The gallants approach.

[Music.—Enter L., the Grand Procession to the Tournament, consisting of mounted Knights, their banners, armed Esquires, Pages, Heralds, Peasants in the rear—old woman on donkey, &c., and Peasants bring up the rear—they cross from L., and exeunt R.]

SCENE VI.

Ancient Hall, splendidly arranged for a tournament.

PRINCE JOHN on a throne, who sits surrounded by his nobles—opposite to him another throne, less richly, but more fancifully decorated—beyond the thrones are two magnificent pavilions for the Knights, Lords, Ladies, &c., seated, CEDRIC and his attendants above, ISAAC and his daughter, in a splendid Eastern dress, below; the PRIOR, &c., &c., near the Prince—On the L. side, carelessly leaning against a pillar, is a majestic-looking knight in sable armour, his helmet closed, and his shield

displaying a blue fetterlock—In his hand he carries a ponderous axe. The stage is roped round with scarlet cordage, sustained by gilded posts. Guards are at the four corners. In the centre a vanquished knight lies prostrate—SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT stands triumphantly with his sword raised, and his foot upon the fallen knight—a grand flourish, and shouts are heard as the scene opens, and after a pause Prince John rises.

Prince J. 'Tis bravely done, Sir Brian, yet thine adversary well deserves his sword; he has fought gallantly. *(Sir Brian gives the knight his sword, he rises, bows to the Prince, and retires.)* And thou hast fought better still. Stand forth, victorious knight, who each have conquered his aggressor. I think the champion must be hardy who next essays ye.

(Flourish. Sir Brian and knights advance. Trumpet sounds thrice.)

Herald. If any knights are bold enough to accept the challenge of the victorious warriors, let them approach.

Prince J. *(Apart to one of his courtiers.)* Dare no one, then, encounter my brave friends, who thrice have each been conquerors.

Herald. No one appears, my lord.

Prince J. Observe yon sluggard knight. His form and arms seem meant for mighty matters; but he shuns the very chance of honour. *(The Black Knight retires L.)* Sound there once more.

(Trumpet sounds, and is answered by Gurth, half-armed, as an Esquire, L.)

Ced. How, my vassal—how came he here? *(Aside.)*

Herald. Speak thine errand—say what five hardy knights—

Gurth. Not five, but one.

Herald. And one against which champion?

Gurth. Not against any one.

Herald. Thy riddle, then.

Gurth. Not against any one, but 'gainst all five. *(Trumpet again.)*

Enter a Knight, L., armed—on his shield is portrayed an oak-tree, pulled up by the roots—underneath it the Spanish word "Desdichado," or disinherited. He advances to the front, salutes the Prince and the ladies with his sword.)

Herald. To which of these is your defiance, knight? *(The knight answers by signs.)* He defies all in turn, but chiefly Sir Brian.

(The knight points to all, and then strikes Sir Brian's shield.)

Reb. I tremble for the youth.

Isaac. And I for the armour. 'Tis lost—all lost!

Prince J. Let them set forward.

(Trumpets.—After the usual ceremonies, they fight. Sir Brian and the other knights are defeated, and retire R.)

Prince J. Demand the stranger's name.

Herald. I have, my lord; but he has made a vow not, for some certain reason, to disclose it. His title in the field is "The Disinherited."

Prince J. Who, in the name of valour—who is this knight?

Prior. 'Tis one of King Richard's followers.

Prince J. 'Tis Salisbury, or the brave De Multon.

Prior. Or should it be, perhaps, the king himself?

Prince J. *(Much agitated.)* I tread upon an adder: should it be he, you'll not desert me, friends.

Prior. Nay, nay, my lord; he wants King Richard's height and bulk. You but betray yourself. I pray be firm.

Prince J. Please ye, unarm.

Herald. The victor waits!

(The knight kneels to the Prince, who presents him with a coronet of laurel and gold.—Music.)

Herald. He may not for his vow.

Prince J. First, we salute ye, lord of this day's honour; and 'tis your envied privilege to choose from all the beauty here a queen.

(Music.—The knight bows, takes the coronet, and presents it to Rowena. A great shout and a flourish. The Prince and knights, more especially Sir Brian, are incensed.)

Herald. My lord, the knights demand once more to try their fortune against this warrior and an equal number, if so many dare oppose them.

(Music.—Sir Brian and the other four knights draw up. The Disinherited Knight, and a like number, oppose them. The companions of the young knight are soon defeated, and he is attacked, pressed on, and surrounded by four at once, and is cut on one knee, when the Black Knight suddenly appears, and, with his axe, quickly clears the way before him till only Sir Brian remains opposed to the young knight. The Black Knight then rests himself on his arms, and disappears as soon as the young knight has again conquered Sir Brian, to whom he, however, returns his sword. Flourish and shout.)

Prince J. *(Rising.)* 'Tis to the knight in sable armour we decree the honour of this combat. Call him before us.

Herald. He withdrew but now, and on a steed of swiftness he surpassed, is far beyond a hope of overtaking.

Prince J. Then, gallant youth, the field he leaves to thee, and I must know whose brave arm has foiled our chiefest leaders. Lady Rowena, queen of the day, 'tis now thy turn to crown the noble soldier whose choice and valour placed thee on thy throne.

(Music.—The knight seems exhausted, bows to the Prince, approaches Rowena with evident difficulty, and while attempting to salute, drops his sword, falls at her feet as if dead. They raise him, and remove his helmet. He appears pale, wounded, and bleeding.)

Row. 'Tis he! 'tis Ivanhoe!—dead!—lost!

Cedric. Now, heaven forbid! My son! my son!

Row. 'Tis Ivanhoe!

(She faints in Cedric's arms.—All form a picture as the act drop falls.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A wild woody landscape, a rude and solitary Hermitage, L., with a dilapidated Chapel R. Enter the Black Knight R., dismounts, he looks round, sees the Hermitage, and knocks at the door, after fastening his steed to a tree. (Music.)

Friar. *(In a tremulous voice from within.)* Who art thou? would'st thou disturb the vespers of a solitary hermit? Begone—begone—I say.

Black K. Nay, good father; tell me but my road, good father!

Friar. The road is easy—The broken path from the wood leads to a morass—thence to a ford; then take care of the left bank, which has tumbled in, and keep straight forward on the right.

Black K. A broken path, a wood, a ford, and a morass; I shall tempt no such road! And I tell thee, hermit, thou livest by the charity of thy country, and hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer in distress.

Friar. *(Within.)* Friend wayfarer, if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, 'twill be the worse for thee.

Black K. Say'st thou so! open then! or by my battle-axe, I'll leave no plank of thy hut together.

(Thunders at the door, which bursts open.)
Enter FRIAR TUCK from the Hermitage, with a torch and staff.

Friar. Now, son, why wouldst thou disturb the servant of St. Dunstan in his evening's devotion?

Black K. The poverty of thy cell might seem sufficient defence against plunderers! besides I see slogs and crossbows within.

Friar. My friend the forest keeper lends them for my protection, till the times shall mend; what more wouldst thou?

Black K. *(Aside.)* So, so, I guess. *(Aloud.)* Not to disturb your piety, I would ask your wisdom three things, first, where am I to put my steed? secondly, what shall I have for supper? And thirdly, where am I to take up my couch for the night?

Friar. Your stable will be the thicket—your bed will be the floor—and your supper in this bag.

(Gives one.)

Black K. Dried peas! And my drink?

Friar. Best of all, thy drink is the well of St. Dunstan.

Black K. What's thy name?

Friar. Thou may'st call me the Clerk of Copmanhurst, what's thine?

Black K. Truly, reverend clerk, thou may'st call me the Black Knight, and some say the Sluggard, yet I am sometimes active, and can see the neck of a flask, especially when it peeps from under a water drinker's gown.

(Snatches a bottle from the Friar and tastes it.)

By my sword! this produce of St. Dunstan's Well is marvellously well flavoured, if thy peas were half as good there'd be some hope yet. Let's in and see whether thy forest friend—

Friar. I see thou art no carpet knight, so do not flourish thy battle-axe, but e'en come in, we'll bring thy horse a back way to a mossy shelter. He shall eat the peas, and if my friend the keeper has not furnished a nook of venison pie enough for both of us, I have a quarter-staff and bow, wherewith we'll have a bout for it.

Black K. Say'st thou so? then do I follow thee, most reverend friar.

[Music.—Exeunt into the Hermitage, shutting the door.]
Enter GURTH and WAMBA, running, R.

Gurth. Haste, Wamba, haste; our arms have done all they could, we must now use our legs.

Wamba. Stop, Gurth! I must breathe awhile! I have never before fought so stoutly, nor run so nimbly. Well, here's goodly work, our master and all his household save ourselves are taken prisoners, and here we are at liberty! I have heard men talk of the blessings of freedom! but I wish any wise man would teach me what use to make of it now I have it. By my bauble, I am at liberty to starve, to hang, or to drown.

(Music.)
LOCKSLEY and OUTLAWS enter at back, L., they advance and surround them.

Locksley. Stand there.

Wamba. *(Falling on his knees.)* Well, I am standing.

Locksley. Who art thou?

Wamba. A poor, innocent, and unfortunate youth, at liberty to go where you'll let me.

Locksley. What is thy name?

Wamba. *(Rising.)* Wamba, the son of Witless, the son of Weatherbrain, who was the son of an alderman.

Locksley. Truly, a most glorious genealogy. And what art thou?

Wamba. A fool, by right of descent.

Locksley. Whither go you?

Wamba. That's more than I can tell.

Locksley. How came you here?

Wamba. By running as fast as I could.

Gurth. To save ourselves from being prisoners, like the rest.

Locksley. Who are the prisoners?

Gurth. Everybody. My master, and a Jew, and a Jewess.

Wamba. And the mules, and the horses, and the—

Locksley. *(Crossing to Gurth.)* Who is thy master, knave?

Gurth. Cedric, of Rotherwood.

Locksley. Ah! Then our spy was not misinformed. Cedric, the noble Cedric, the friend of the rights of Englishmen, shall not want for English hands to help him in his need! Who has dared to commit the outrage?

Gurth. Who but a Norman—Bois Guilbert.

Locksley. He shall deeply repent it. Come hither, Miller.

Miller. Your pleasure.

(Wamba and Gurth talk apart.)

Locksley. Where's Allan a Dale?

Miller. On the road to Rotherham, with twenty men, in search for booty.

Locksley. Devoutly spoken. Where's the bold Pindar?

Miller. Watching for the rich Prior—the Abbot of Jourvaux.

Locksley. That should have been the friar's duty. Where's he?

Miller. Drunk in his cell; but now I heard him singing.

Locksley. *(Knocks at the Hermitage.)* What, ho! awake the friar.

Friar. *(Sings within.)* "Which is the properest day to drink, Saturday, Sunday, Monday," &c.

Locksley. What vespers call ye those? Open to Locksley.

Friar. *(Opens the door, and appearing tipsy.)* That name's a charm, a talisman.

Locksley. And who hast thou got within there?

Friar. A brother of our Order—a Black Friar. We've been at our devotions.

Locksley. As I perceive. And art thou mad? Hast thou then forgot our rules, to give admission to a knight thou dost not know?

Friar. Not know him? I know him as well as—

Locksley. What his name, then?

Friar. Sir Anthony Scrubblestone. As if I would drink with a man and not know his name?

Enter BLACK KNIGHT from the cell.

Black K. Good yeoman, be not angry with my merry host; he did but yield me that hospitality I had compelled on his refusal.

Friar. You compel! Wait till I have changed my gown, and by this staff, if I don't ring twelve on thy pate, I'm neither clerk or woodsman.

Locksley. Go, wash thee sober at St. Dunstan's Well, and then we've use for thee. This gallant knight has broke more heads to-day, and nobler too, than thou wouldst think of.

Friar. Compel, forsooth! But I'll compel his crown to—

Locksley. Sir Knight, thou art he, if I mistake not, that did such good service to Ivanhoe at the tournament at Ashby, and disappeared so strangely?

Black K. What, then, an' thou guessed rightly?

Locksley. By the prowess you displayed to-day, I should hold you a friend to the weaker party.

Black K. 'Tis the duty of a knight, at least.

Locksley. And this concerns the duty of every Englishman. A band of villains have seized the person of the noble Cedric and his ward, the Lady Rowena. The Jew and his daughter are also their prisoners. Wilt thou not, gallant knight, aid in their escape?

Black K. I am bound by my vow; but I would know who you are that request it?

Locksley. A nameless man—friend of my country and my country's friends. My word was never broken; and as you, too, choose concealment, let this satisfy.

Black K. It shall. If thy numbers be sufficient, we will storm their castle, and crush these rebels in their den.

Locksley. That we will readily. But Sir Lucas Beaumanoir and his Templars are on their way to hold a Chapter in the Preceptory adjoining the castle, to try a Jewess for sorcery, as our spy learnt from the attendants. If we attack them now, they will doubtless assist their brother, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert. *(To Friar Tuck.)* Methinks their prisoners will require a confessor. This holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us some information.

Friar. A plague on thy advice! I tell thee that when I doff my friar's frock, my priesthood and sanctity are put off with it.

Black K. Remember, Cedric's life depends upon it.

Wamba. Cedric's life! Then I see the fool must still be fool. Give me the friar's frock.

Friar. You?

Wamba. To be sure. I was bred to be a priest, or they would not have found I had wit to be a fool.

Black K. But hast thou sense enough for the mission?

Wamba. I can't say much for my wisdom, since if it became wise it might spoil my trade; but I have never wanted the wit to turn my folly to account.

Black K. On with the frock then. *(The frock is brought.)* And let thy master send us an account of their situation.

Wamba. Come, as I metamorphosed thy friarship into a forester, pray, in return, transform the fool into a friar.

Friar. *Pax vobiscum. (Assists him.)*

Black K. Motley friar, we will see thee safe within bow-shot of the castle gates.

Wamba. I wish ye may see me safe out of them again, that's all! "Benedicite, pax vobiscum."

Locksley. Time wears; away with ye, my merry men! Collect our friends, and would our brave King Richard were but here to see his yeomen thus devote their lives in aid of his liege subjects. Away!

[Music. Exeunt, R.]

SCENE II.

A Dungeon Vault in the Castle of Torquilstone, chains and instruments of torture lying around. The stage is darkened, and ISAAC is discovered sitting in a corner, with his hands folded, and marks of deep depression.

Isaac. No, there is no escape. I've looked around; all bolted, barred, and fast, as if they kept some treasure here, and not the fading frame of poor old Isaac. *(Chains and bolts withdrawn.)* Ha, they come!

Music.—The bolts of the dungeon door, c., are withdrawn, and BOIS GUILBERT is seen in the vault with HAMET and ABDULLAH, their sleeves tucked up above the elbow—a small chafing stool on grate, with transverse bars and transparent fire behind; one of them bears also a pair of scales in his hand. Bois Guilbert advances to the Jew.

Bois G. Dog of an accursed race, dost see those scales?

Isaac. *(Trembling.)* Yes, so please you, but know I not—

Bois G. In those very scales shalt though weigh me out a thousand silver pounds.

Isaac. Heard man ever such a demand. Who ever heard, even in a minstrel's tale, of such a sum as a thousand pounds of silver? Not within the walls of York—ransack my house and the houses of all my tribe—wilt thou find what thou speakest of.

Bois G. Well, I am reasonable; and if silver be scant, I refuse not gold. At the rate of a mark of gold for every six pounds of silver, thou shalt free thyself from such a punishment as thy heart has never yet conceived.

Isaac. Have mercy on me, noble knight! I am old, and poor, and helpless. It were unworthy to triumph over me—it is a poor deed to crush a worm.

Bois G. Old thou mayst be; but rich it is well known thou art.

Isaac. I swear to thee, noble knight, by that which I believe—

Bois G. *(Impetuously.)* I swear to thee, ignoble Jew, by that which thou dost not believe, that my purpose is deep and peremptory. Ho! slaves do my bidding. Thou shalt see, Jew, the dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners have died within these walls, and their fate has never been known; but for thee is reserved a long lingering death! Jew, see'st thou the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal? On that warm couch shalt thou lie, as if thou wert to rest on a bed of down, while these slaves shall maintain an unquenched fire beneath thee!

Now, choose between such a scorching bed, and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver, for by the head of my father! thou hast no other option.

Isaac. *(Shrinking with horror.)* It is impossible, it is impossible that your purpose can be real! There never was a heart capable of such cruelty.

Bois G. Trust not to that. Dost think that I, who have seen a town sacked, in which thousands of my Christian countrymen perished by the sword, by flood and by fire, will flinch from my purpose, for the outrcries or screams of one wretched Jew? I waste no more words with thee. Choose instantly between thy dross and thy flesh and blood; between parting with thy wealth and being stretched upon those burning bars; and, as thou choosest, so shall it be.

Isaac. Hear me, noble Norman, and be merciful! I cannot make the choice since I have not the means of satisfying your exorbitant demand.

Bois G. Seize him, and strip him, slaves!

(Music.—The slaves seize Isaac, and bear him towards the grate.)

Isaac. *(In extreme terror.)* Hold! stay! Have pity! I will—I will pay the thousand pounds of silver. When and where must it be delivered?

Bois G. Here, here it must be delivered; weighed and told down on this very dungeon floor. When shall I have the money, Isaac?

Isaac. *(Groaning.)* Oh, since it must be, let my daughter Rebecca go forth to York with safe conduct, noble knight, and as soon as man and horse can return, the treasure—*(groans again)*—the treasure shall be told down on this very floor.

Bois G. Thy daughter? No, Jew, thy daughter stays with me. I have taken her to be my handmaiden, after the fashion of patriarchs and heroes of the days of old.

(Isaac, with a yell of horror breaks from the hold of the slaves, and, throwing himself down, clasps the knees of Bois Guilbert.)

Isaac.—Take all that you have asked—take ten times more—reduce me to beggary and ruin—pierce me with your poniard—broil me on that furnace, but spare my daughter—spare the honour of a hapless maiden! She is the image of my deceased Rachel—she is the last of six pledges of her love. Will you deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort? Will you reduce a father to wish that his only living child was laid by her dead mother in the tomb of her forefathers?

Bois G. Thou plead'st in vain; leave thy daughter to her fate, and take thought how to pay thy ransom.

Isaac. *(With wild energy.)* Robber and villain, I will pay thee nothing, not one silver penny, unless my daughter is delivered to me.

Bois G. Art thou in thy senses? Have thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?

Isaac. I care not, do thy worst—my daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs thy cruelty can threaten; no silver will I give thee unless poured molten down thy avaricious throat; no, not a silver penny, Nazarene, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited. Take my life if thou wilt, and say the Jew, amidst his torments, knew how to disappoint the cruel Christian.

Bois G. Seize him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars.

(Music.—The Saracens seize him, and he is about to become their victim. Bugle heard, when SIR PHILIP DE MALVOISIN enters C., hastily.)

Bois G. What intrusion's this?

Sir Phil. A priest—according to your desire, is sent to shrive the prisoners; he says the Saxons await but for his return to commence the attack.

Bois G. Audacious rebels! Let the warder conduct the priest to Cedric's prison, secure the Jew for some more apt occasion.—Hamet, Abdullah.

(Makes signs to Saracens apart, who take Isaac off.)

Now then to the ramparts!

[Exeunt, Music.]

Isaac. *(Exclaiming.)* God of my fathers! thanks for this timely rescue!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

A Prison, Grated Window, C., CEDRIC discovered on couch, L.

Cedric. This, then, is my prison; it was at this very castle that my father feasted with Torquil, when he entertained the valiant but ill-starred Harold. Who could have thought that I, whose father was not the worst defender of the Saxon Crown, should

be prisoner to a vile Norman in the very castle in which our ancestors held such high festival.

Enter WARDER showing in WAMBA disguised as a Friar, R.

Warder. This way, holy friar. There is your charge.

[Exit, R.]

Wamba. The blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Denis, St. Duthoc, and all manner of saints be upon ye and about ye.

Cedric. Why cam'st thou hither?

Wamba. To bid you prepare for death!

Cedric. The villains, I'm ready.

Wamba. *(Throwing open his gown.)* For the first time I believe, Nunkey Cedric, hadn't you better look before you take so long a leap in the dark? Had you listened to a fool's advice formerly, you wouldn't have been here; take it now, and you shan't be here long.

Cedric. Wamba! how mean'st thou?

Wamba. Take this gown and cord, march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the dark leap instead.

Cedric. But they would hang thee, my poor fool.

Wamba. Well, Wamba, the son of Witless, the son of Weatherbrain, may hang in a chain with as much gravity as a chain hung on his ancestor the alderman. Make haste, you will encourage friends to our rescue.

Cedric. Have we, then, friends?

Wamba. Hath a priest Latin or a lawyer trickery? Five hundred at the least, and I was one of their leaders, we shall see what they'll get by exchanging a fool for a wise man. Truly I fear they'll lose in valour what they gain in discretion. So farewell, master, be kind to poor Gurth and his dog, and let my cockscomb hang up in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful fool.

(Whimpering.)

Cedric. Thy memory shall be preserved while fidelity and affection have honour upon earth. But if I am spoken to, how shall I answer as a friar?

Wamba. *Pax vobiscum, pantrymina-haunchionus vensionibus*—old sack, hung beef in ale cellariminous! Such Latin is as good to a friar as a broomstick to a witch or a wand to a conjuror.

(They change each his dress, and embrace.)

Cedric. I trust I shall remember the pass-word. Farewell for awhile. I will save, or return and die with you.

Enter WARDER, R.

Warder. *Pax vobiscum pantrymina, vensionibus!*

[Music. Exits with Warder, R.]

Wamba. So I am in the lion's jaws. I'll be jovial. I'll sing a song made on my own ill-luck, and then I shall be ready to be hanged decently, which never happened to me before in all my life. Hollo! I hear the rascals coming. Now, Wamba, give them a true Saxon's courage and a fool's stratagem.

(Music. Blows out light, and places the bundle of straw on the couch, which he covers over with cloak, and hides behind.)

Enter HAMET and ABDULLAH, R.

Hamet. Now, prisoner, we wait. No answer, and in darkness! He sleeps; I'll arouse him. He dies on the instant. Stop, we can save ourselves much trouble. This dagger will decide his fate, and then hurl his body from the window to the moat beneath.

(Stabs the straw.)

He breathes no more. Abdullah, aid me.

(Music. They approach couch. Wamba rises, seizes Hamet, who, with the assistance of Abdullah, is thrown from the window. Abdullah sees his mistake—they struggle. Wamba hurls him through window, and crows as the scene closes.)

SCENE IV.

A Vaulted Chamber, supposed to be at the top of a turret in Torquilstone. The Barbican seen through an open window. Music. ULRICA, with a distaff, discovered spinning, C.

Ulrica. I heard the owl's shriek and the raven's night scream, and the loud thunder shook the battlements of my turret; but Ulrica's wheel still turned. And I heard the clamour of horsemen and the sound of trumpets, and the cry of murder: but Ulrica's thread still lingered on the spindle. When—when will her thread of life be spun, and mercy cut it short? Never, till vengeance—vengeance on the parricide is hers! Hark! what steps approach? Who dares disturb Ulrica's solitude?

(Music.)

Enter WARDER and Guard, with REBECCA, L.

Warder. *(To Ulrica.)* Up and away, old house cricket. Thou must leave thy chamber to this fairer guest.

Ulrica. Ah! I have known the day when my bare word would have cast the best man of arms among ye out of saddle and out of service; and now I must up and away at the bidding of any groom.

Warder. Thou hast had thy day, old dame; but thy sun has long been set. Come, amble off with thee.

Ulrica. Ill omens dog ye both, and a kennel be your grave! May the evil demon, Zernebock, tear me limb from limb if I go till I have spun my hemp.

Warder. Answer it to our lord, then, old house fiend.

[Exit with Guard, L. Music.]

Ulrica. What devil's deed have they now in the wind? But 'tis easy to guess. *(Looking at Rebecca.)* Bright eyes, black locks, and a skin like this.

Ay, 'tis easy to guess why they send her to this lone turret, whence a shriek could no more be heard than at the depth of five hundred fathoms beneath the earth. Thou wilt have owls for thy neighbours, fair one, and their screams will be heard as far, and as much regarded, as thine own. Outlandish, too! What country art thou of—Saracen or Egyptian? Why dost not answer? Thou canst weep. Canst thou not speak?

Rebecca. *(Weeping.)* Be not angry, good mother.

Ulrica. Thou need'st say no more. We know a fox by his train—a Jewess by her tongue.

Rebecca. For the sake of mercy, what am I to expect? If they seek my life to atone for my religion, I'll lay it down most cheerfully.

Ulrica. Thy life, minion! What would that pleasure them? Thou wilt have such usage as was once thought fit for a noble Saxon maiden, and shall a Jewess like thee repine because she has no better? I was young and fair as thou art when the father of this Sir Brian and his Norman crew stormed the castle. My father and his seven sons defended their inheritance from storey to storey, from chamber to chamber. Not a room, not a stair but was slippery with blood. They died, every man; and ere that blood was dried I became the prey and the scorn of the conqueror!

Rebecca. Is there no help?—no means of escape? Richly, richly would I requite thine aid.

Ulrica. From hence there is no escape, but through the gates of death, and it is too late—late ere they open to us. Fare thee well! Jew or Gentile, thou hast to do with those who have no pity; fare thee well, I say, my thread is spun, thy task must yet begin.

Rebecca. Stay! stay! for heaven's sake, though it be but to revile me! thy presence is some protection.

Ulrica. No presence is thy protection. None can avert the doom which surely waits thee.

[Exit.]

Rebecca. She has locked the entrance. Ah! who comes here?

Enter SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT, muffled in a cloak.

Rebecca. *(Offers him jewels.)* Ah! take them, good friend, and for heaven's sake be merciful to me and my aged parent!

Bois G. Sweet flower of Palestine, these pearls are orient, but yield to thee in fairness! These diamonds are brilliant, but cannot match thine eyes; and I have made a vow to prefer beauty before riches.

Rebecca. Do not yourself such wrong—take ransom and have mercy! Gold will purchase pleasure—to misuse a helpless maid will bring remorse! My father will satiate thy utmost wishes.

Bois G. He is already in the hands of a powerful alchymist, who, by the help of fire, can convert into gold and silver even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate. Thy ransom must be paid in love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it.

(Throwing off his cloak.)

Rebecca. Sir Brian, what wouldst thou have of me, if not my wealth? What art thou?

Bois G. A Templar! Behold the designation of my order!

Rebecca. Darest thou appeal to it, while transgressing the most solemn vows of knight and man?

Bois G. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear, nor will I abate my right.

(Advancing to her.)

Rebecca. Stand back! Stand back! My strength thou mayest overpower, for God made woman weak that her defence might be entrusted to the generosity of man; but I will proclaim thy villany, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other! I will

owe to the superstition of thy brethren what their compassion might refuse; and those who tremble not at thy crime, shall hold thou hast dishonoured the cross thou wearest by thy pretended love for a daughter of my people.

Bois G. Keen is thy wit, but loud must be thy voice if heard beyond these walls. One thing alone can save thee—renounce thy faith, and thou shalt hence as Brian's lawful wife, and in such magnificence of state as even Norman dames shall envy thee.

Rebecca. Renounce my faith for one that harbours such a votary! Craven knight! Templar forsworn! I scorn and I defy thee! The Father of my faith can open an escape for his daughter, e'en from this den of shame!

(She throws open the window, and steps on a battlement of the castle wall.)

Templar, I am on the highest rampart of the castle; advance one step, and I plunge to the horrid depth below; and this body shall be crushed upon the stones beneath ere it becomes thy victim!

Bois G. Rebecca! by the earth!—the sea!—the sky!

Rebecca. If thou advance one foot, by all that's dear to female purity I will perform my threat.

Bois G. Nay—hold thy dreadful purpose!

(Music. Loud alarms. As he extends his arms towards her, she leans forward, as if to put her purpose in execution.)

Enter SIR PHILIP, R.

Sir Philip. The castle is surrounded by Cedric's vassals, and an outlawed band headed by the Black Knight, whose heavy axe left some remembrance at the tournament. They have summoned us, and demanded the detained. The archers are mustering on the skirts of the wood like a dark cloud before a hailstorm.

Bois G. Sir Philip, look to the eastern sides, where the walls are lowest. I myself will take part at the barbican. Ho, there, Anselm! See that seething pitch and oil are ready to pour on the heads of the audacious traitors! Look that the crossbow men lack not their bolts! Fling abroad my banner. The knaves shall soon find with whom they have to do this day. Go all to the battlements, and see that ye drive each a bolt through a Saxon brain.

*(A trumpet sounds with*out.)

Hark! they sound an advance!

(Shouts and trumpets without.)

They are rushing to the attack. To the walls! to the walls! Forward!

[Exit R. Music. Shouts and trumpets.]

Rebecca. Those dreadful sounds speak destruction and death at hand. What has become of the noble Cedric?—has he, too, abandoned me?

(Looking from the battlement.)

Oh, for a friend to sustain my sinking heart! But, ah! consoling thought! My deliverers are at hand. It is the Sable Knight who leads them on. He hews the path before him. His high black plume floats like a raven o'er a field of slain. The master of the castle meets him! He has fallen! Ah, no! he is on foot again!—snatches a yeoman's axe, and presses blow for blow! The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the woodman's steel! He falls! he falls!

(Music. Overcome with agitation, she falls on her knees, and hides her face in her hands. Trumpets, and shouts of victory heard without.)

Re-enter BOIS GUILBERT.

Bois G. The castle has caught fire! There is but one path to safety. I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it thee! Come!

(Seizes Rebecca. Music. A volume of smoke bursts into the apartment.)

Rebecca. *(Struggling violently.)* Savage warrior! rather will I perish in the flames than accept safety from thee!

Bois G. Thou shalt not choose. Rebecca, once didst thou foil me; but never mortal did so twice!

(He lifts Rebecca in his arms, and is rushing off with her as the centre of the chamber falls. Sparks and red fire. ROBIN HOOD enters from the gap, followed by Outlaws.)

Robin. Turn and yield, or defend thy life!

(Sir Brian, fiercely attacked, engages him, and after a severe contest is wounded. Robin Hood bears off Rebecca C., ULRICA suddenly appearing behind the fallen Sir Brian. Music stops.)

Bois G. Who's there? What art thou?

Ulrica. I am thine evil angel! Think on thy misdeeds—rapine—rebellion—murder! Hast thou not stirred thy Prince against thy King?

Bois G. Dost thou yet live? Long since—

Ulrica. Long since thy slaves were paid for my release; but those who once are bought may be again, and I am to be thy punisher. Thou who never spared Christian nor infidel, but wrung their wealth by torture!

(Alarms.)

The Saxon calls thee! Why dost not rise?

Bois G. Within there!

Ulrica. Do not call. Behold this key, entrusted by thy slaves to lock up innocence. In retribution now, it closes against all aid. The castle is in flames. The fuel room below, fired by my hand, now blazes! Fare thee well! This key confines thee, while on yonder tower I'll watch the fires till they reach even me, then sink among the ruin I have made!

[Exit R. Music.]

Bois G. *(Astonished.)* What said she? Yes, the smothering elements confirm the fearful tale!

(A glow of reflected light begins to pervade the apartments.)

Oh, for one draught of air! My gallant friends! It will not be! My wound, too! Mercy! No! Forms of the tortured, and of him I slew! ye follow me! No outlet! Then from the battlement I'll seek my doom!—leap from the summit to the gulf below, and cheat the hag of half her fell revenge.

(Leaps from the centre gap. Music.)

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Castle. Alarms.

Ivanhoe (without). Forward, forward! This way!

Enter IVANHOE, L.

Ivanhoe. Rebecca, where art thou? Hound of the Temple—stain to thine order—set free the damsel! traitorous Bois Guilbert, it is Ivanhoe commands thee! Villain, I will have thy heart's blood. By heaven! the walls are give way—the flames are circling us around! Great heavens! must I perish here?

(Loud crash.)

Bois Guilbert, 'tis Ivanhoe defies thee!

(Advancing.) Rebecca, where art thou?

[Exit, R. Music.]

Enter FRIAR TUCK, carrying WAMBA, L., met by MIDGE THE MILLER, armed.

Friar. Make room, my merry men; I come like an eagle, with my prey in my clutches!

Midge. Ah! my faithful, warm-hearted jester.

Wamba. Warm-hearted! By St. Christopher, I was nearly warm through when this holy hermit luckily took my dungeon for a wine cellar, and saved my blood from mulling. The castle is on fire throughout; haste away!

[Exeunt, R. Music.]

SCENE VI.

The Castle of Torquilstone is seen burning. Robin Hood and the Outlaws discovered issuing from the gates, fighting with Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert's Soldiers, whom they overcome. The Castle falls, Ulrica appears exulting on a lofty pinnacle. The Black Knight, Locksley, and Cedric are fighting their way into the Castle. Sir Brian carries off Rebecca (in spite of great opposition) on horseback; Ulrica, brandishing her torch, sinks among the ruins; and, in the midst of the tumult the Act drop falls.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Prince John's Tent.

Sentinel discovered pacing at back. PRINCE JOHN discovered attended. Flourish music.

Prince J. This pithy notice from my good ally of France can mean no less than that my brother Richard has escaped from Austria's prison. He hath well described my brother's character and my peril.

(Reads.)

"Shift for yourself—the devil has broke loose." I hear, too, Cedric and his followers, aided by Locksley and his outlaws, dare to besiege the castle of my friend! Whom have we here? Brian de Bois Guilbert, by the rood! In a strange guise, methinks, he comes before us!

(Music.)

Enter BOIS GUILBERT, as for battle, followed by Page, C.

Prince J. Bois Guilbert, speak, I charge thee! What means this? Are the Saxons in rebellion?

Bois G. Too true. I had well-nigh found a red grave among the blazing rafters of my castle, from which I alone have escaped to tell you!

Prince J. Cold news to us, though you speak of fire and conflagration.

Bois G. But the worst news is not yet said,—King Richard is returned.

Prince J. Richard in England! Thou ravest! it cannot be.

Bois G. It is as true as truth itself.

Prince J. Is he then at the head of a power?

Bois G. No, only a few outlawed yeomen were around him, and to those his person is unknown. I heard him say he was about to depart from them; he joined them only to assist at the storming of Torquilstone.

Prince J. Ay, such indeed is the fashion of Richard—a true knight errant he; and will wander in wild adventure, trusting the prowess of his single arm, while the weighty affairs of his kingdom slumber, and his own safety is endangered. What dost thou propose to do? There is one road to safety. This object of terror journeys alone—he must be more without—

Bois G. And quieted!

Prince J. Nay, nay! I said not that—I mean not that you should slay him; a prison were better, and whether in Britain or Austria what matters it?

Bois G. The best prison, Prince, is that which is made by the sexton—no dungeon like a church vault. I have said my say.

Prince J. But who—

Bois G. Stay not for that; I will take on me the conduct of this perilous enterprise, and if you receive such news as I trust to send you, our enterprise will no longer wear a doubtful aspect. Page, hie thee to the armourer, and tell him to be in readiness with Steelheart, Broad Thoresby and the three trusty spears of Spyinglaw. And now adieu, my Prince.

Prince J. My better genius! good fortune speed your arms. Farewell! Once more I breathe in safety.

[Exit C., Music.]

SCENE II.

A Woody Landscape.

Enter the BLACK KNIGHT and WAMBA.
They look around and pause.

Black K. Fool, thou wast given me by this Master Cedric to be a guide, canst tell me why?

Wamba. No, courteous sir, unless it was because he thought valour and folly often go together.

Black K. Did he not also think thou knew'st the way?

Wamba. Ay, sir, and more than that, I know there is a horn to sound three notes if we should be in danger.

Black K. We are in no danger of wanting it, nor shall I sound it. Come, fool, what would'st thou?

Wamba. I would borrow it an' please you, for when Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she blows it best; and it will be needful, for an I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake on the look-out for us.

(They look off, R.)

Black K. By St. George! thy guess is near the mark.

(Music.—An arrow glances on his breast-plate.)
Enter SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT and ruffians, R. They attack the Black Knight, who beats them back, and they stand at bay.

Wamba. Hold! hold! a parley.

Black K. *(To Wamba.)* Dost fear to draw thy sword, fool?

Wamba. This is my sword, and I always prefer music before fighting. *(Blows three blasts.)* Now, gentlemen, a fair field and no favour.

(Music.—Wamba blows again; the wood seems peopled with yeomen, LOCKSLEY at their head, who rushes between the Black Knight and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert. Sir Brian rushes off; the ruffians are disarmed.)

Black K. Timely aid, faith; treason has been at work, but it has met its meed, thanks to my gallant, good Locksley.

Locksley. Call me no longer Locksley, but know me as the man I am—**Robin Hood**, of Sherwood Forest.

Black K. King of outlaws and prince of good fellows; be assured, brave man, thou hast won my lasting gratitude. My

gallant deliverer all, be assured the Black Knight is your friend. Whither do you journey?

Locksley. To Templestowe. Rebecca, the Jewess, is doomed to death for witchcraft unless she finds a champion, and begs that I will find out Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

Black K. Rebecca in danger. Friends, to her rescue.

(Music.—Exeunt all but Wamba, R.)

Wamba. A still tongue makes a wise head, they say; yet a fool could say something that might not be out of all reason to wit. Nathless, I'll keep in the rear; I dare say I shall be in time enough for the end of the fight, and, it may be, for the beginning of the feast that will follow it, both which extremes will suit me much better than their opposites.

(Exit, R.)

SCENE III, and last.

The Tilt Yard of the Preceptory of Templestowe.

The Funeral Pile, Stake, and other paraphernalia of execution. In front of centre the State Chair and Table for the GRAND MASTER, who is discovered seated. Knights Templars, horse and foot, arranged C. and L. Banners, &c. Full Stage. Bois

Guilbert's Saracen Slaves, holding lighted torches on each side of the faggots to C. A crowd of Guards at back of bridge.—Music.

Grand Master (Rising.) Reverend and valiant Knights and Companions of the Holy Order; we have summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, infamous for sorceries and for witcheries, whereby she hath besotted the brain of our brother, Brian de Bois Guilbert. Let the sorceress be called in, and her doom pronounced.

(Music.—Enter REBECCA, led in by guards, R. 2 E.)

Behold, my brethren, the accursed cause of our Order's disgrace! Rebecca, daughter of Isaac of York, you are attainted of sorcery, and other ill practices, wherewith you have wrought on a noble knight of our most Holy Order of the Temple of Sion. You are hereby condemned to be burnt alive. The sentence to be executed ere the setting of this day's sun. Rebecca, hast thou aught to say?

Rebecca. Yes; I deny the charge of sorcery. I maintain my innocence. I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion. There lies my gage.

(Taking off her embroidered glove, she casts it down before the Grand Master.)

Grand M. (Rising.) Give me her glove.

(A Knight Templar takes it up, and delivers it to the Grand Master.)

See'st thou, Rebecca, as this thin and light glove of thine is to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple: for it is our Order which thou hast defied.

Rebecca. Cast my innocence into the scale, and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron.

Grand M. Rebecca, though, as thou art a Jewess and an unbeliever, we might well refuse thee the benefit of trial by combat, yet as thou art also a stranger, and defenceless, we will grant thy prayer, and we will deliver this gage of battle to a true knight to be our champion in the field, and that champion we name Brian de Bois Guilbert.

Bois G. Horror! *(she is lost! No sword can conquer mine. Aside.)*

Grand M. Thy gage is accepted. Herald, go forth! Proclaim by the sound of the trumpet that Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert is in arms for the Holy Temple, to prove this Jewess guilty, and that if any knight be willing to do battle for her innocence, his trumpet must proclaim it now; the lists are open to him.

(Herald goes off, R.)

Rebecca, if no champion appears, or if he be discomfited, thou shalt die the death of a sorceress according to the doom you see prepared for you. Sound! *(The trumpet sounds.)* Again! *(Trumpet.)* Again! *(Trumpet.) (After a pause.)* No champion appears for the appellant. Let her prepare for death.

Bois G. (Approaching Rebecca, and speaking in a low voice.) Rebecca, thou hast still a chance for life and liberty. My trusty steed is nigh; mount thee behind me on Zamor, the gallant horse that never failed his rider, and in one short hour is pursuit far behind.

Rebecca. Tempter, begone! Surrounded as I am by foes, I hold thee as my worst and most deadly.

Grand M. We wait in vain the appearance of a champion. Herald, it is time to declare the pledge of the Jewess forfeit. Yet sound once again, and if no champion appears, proceed with her doom.

(The Herald signs to the Trumpeter on the bridge, who sounds again once. A pause.)

No champion answers. Bind her to the stake!

(Music. As they are dragging her away, ISAAC rushes on, L. He attempts to run towards his daughter, but is prevented.)

Isaac. Nay, let me go; for where my child must suffer, there shall be my grave, or my unburied bones shall whitened lie, a monument of Christian cruelty.

Grand M. It may not be; the hour is past. Take hence the old man.

Isaac. Would you tear a father from his dying child? Monsters!—barbarians! Oh, for thunder's power to blast ye!

Rebecca. Father, be calm. We have a friend in heaven who will yet manifest.

Isaac. Alas! too late. My messengers have returned. No champion to be found, and all afraid to take the side of a poor, friendless woman.

Grand M. Bear him away, set fire to the pile.

(Music.)

(As the slaves are applying the torches to the pile, a distant trumpet is heard at first faintly, the second time more distinctly, and the third time loud and near. Shouts without.)

Isaac. *(Falling on his knees.)* Then there is yet a friend to innocence.

(Music.—The trumpet sounds again.)

Enter IVANHOE, and ROBIN HOOD following, they advance to the front.

Ivanhoe. Hold, monsters, hold! Wilfred of Ivanhoe defies Bois Guilbert and defends Rebecca.

Bois G. Confusion. *(Aside.)* Ivanhoe I'll not fight with thee; get thy wounds healed.

Ivanhoe. False coward, thou shalt fight! Dost thy daughter accept me for her champion, Jew?

Isaac. She does—she does! The champion heaven hath sent her.

Bois G. Dog of a Saxon, take the death thou hast drawn upon thy head!

Ivanhoe. On, then, and heaven defend the right!

Herald. Sound!

(Music.—Trumpet sounds and success varies, and all the spectators are agitated apparently by their hopes and fears.

Ivanhoe at length disarms Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, strikes him down centre, places his foot upon his breast, and his sword at his throat.)

Grand M. Forbear! Ivanhoe is conqueror! Rebecca is free!

Bois G. Never! I will contest it yet! On, Templars! the fiends have juggled with us. Onwards, for our Holy Temple!

Robin Hood. Ha! breaking faith! then my merry men, on for Richard!

(Music.—Hurrahs and general combat between the Knight Templars and the outlaws, in which the Black Knight is mixed up; after a desperate conflict, the Black Knight, on horseback, rushes up to the pile with Gurth, and they release Rebecca.—Tableau.)

Black K. Nay, nay! on your allegiance I charge you hold! Ivanhoe is conqueror in the fight. The maiden is his prize. He's won her freedom. He who rebels against this, my righteous judgment, his head shall answer it. *(Discovering himself.)* This Richard of England awards for doom!

(Music.)
(Richard, C., Royal Guards, R. and L. The Standard of England is unfurled, Grand Master throws down his baton. They all kneel, Rebecca falls at the feet of Ivanhoe, Isaac on the other

side. Ivanhoe raises them, they rush into each other's arms, and the curtain falls amidst general shouts.)